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SUSTAINING

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS #123

11:30 to 12:30 P.M.

OCTOBER 26, 1934

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

ORCHESTRA: Quartet: RANGER SON

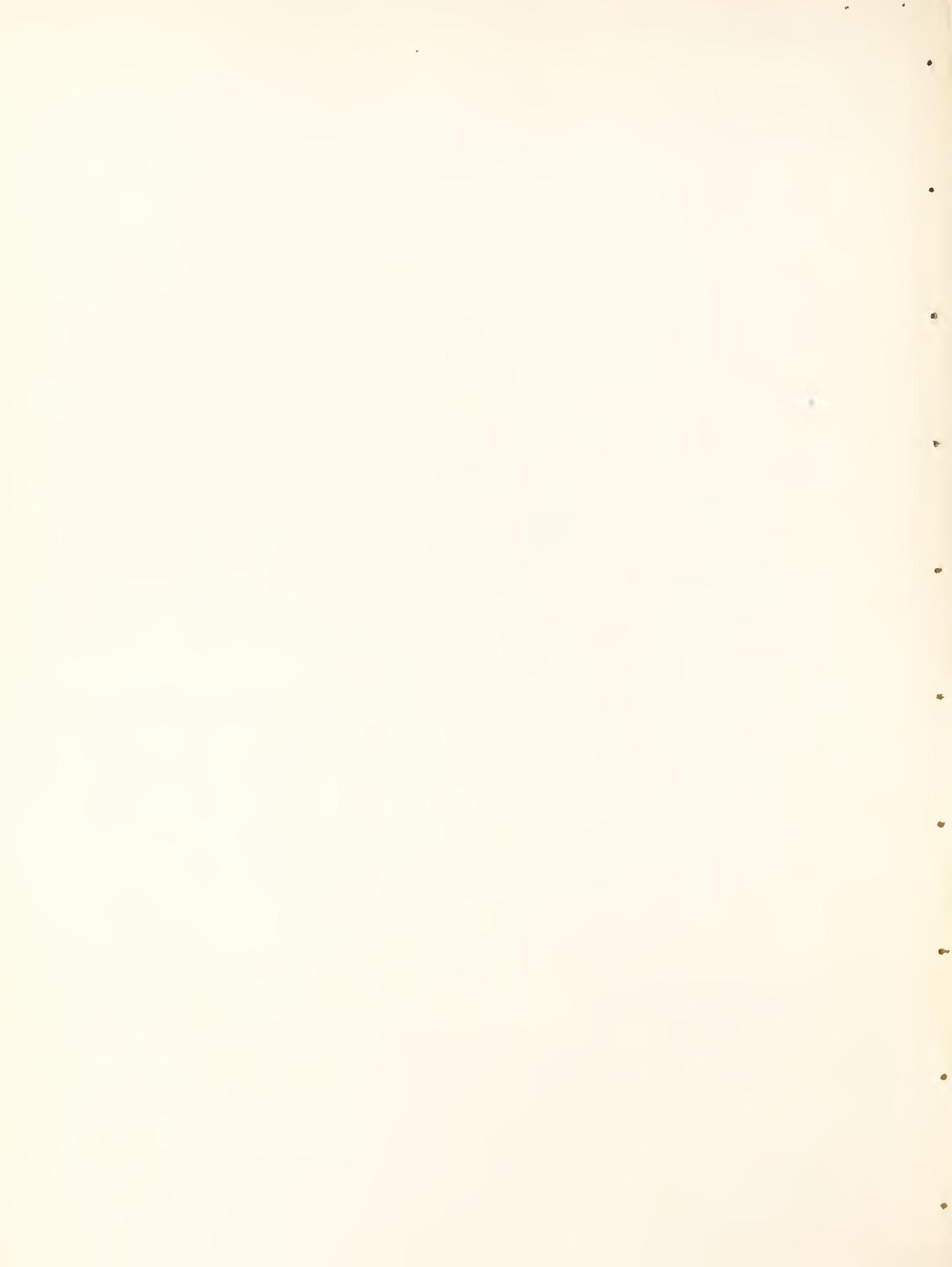


ANNOUNCER: Again, folks, we visit the National Forest where the valiant Rangers, Jim Robbins, and his young assistant, Jerry Quakie, protect the forest resources for the public good. They are there to see that a greedy few do not gain the forest resources at the expense of the rest of the people of the United States. They work to keep their district free from fires, their ranges free from overgrazing and misuse. They live and work for the forests - these rangers - and it makes them mighty happy to see their districts green and growing and timber and grass; and it makes them pretty mad to see the tall trees charred before the hot breath of a monster fire, set by the carelessness of some visitor who unwittingly causes his cigarette into the brush or leaves or by some negligent camper who fails to put out his campfire before he leaves.

You will recall that on the last round-up on the Pine Cone District the other day some of the cowboys found evidence that rustlers were working on the range. Well, the cattlemen have been trying to track down the persons stealing their stock, so let's see what's happened. We're turning back the clock a bit - it's in the middle of the night - and here we are at the Pine Cone Ranger station:

(DOG BARKING IN DISTANCE)

DESS: (PUPPIES) Jim -- Jim -- Are you asleep? -- Jim -- Come on --
JIM: Huh -- uh -- (YAWNS) -- Huh --



BESS: Jim -- Wake up -- quick.

JIM: Huh -- (YAWNS) -- Wha-what all the excitement this time of the night--What's the matter, Bess--?

(DOG BARKS)

BESS: Listen--Hear Rox barking--?

JIM: Sure I hear him--

BESS: Well I think something's wrong--I think someone's trying to break into the Ranger station.

JIM: Huh--(YAWNS) Probably someone just passing down the road--

BESS: But listen, Jim--the way Rox is barking. He doesn't bark like that when somebody's just going by.

JIM: All right, I'll look around--where's my slippers?

BESS: Here--right where you left them -- under the chair --

JIM: Huh--so they are.

BESS: Jim, do be careful now--

JIM: I'll make a look out of the window first--I bet a dime to a dollar Rox is just barking at someone walking up the road--

(SOUND OF PULLING UP WINDOW) (SOUND OF HORSES OFF)

JIM: Huh, Horses--sounds like four or five of 'em, maybe.

BESS: Who can they be?

JIM: Hm--they're coming in here--looks like they're four or five--

BESS: Land sakes, what do they want this time of night--

JIM: What time is it?

BESS: I don't know. It must be past midnight.

JIM: Is it? Seems like I've only been asleep about fifteen minutes--



BESS: Well, don't let them see you sticking your note out of the window--

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Why not, it's my house--and my window--

(DOG BARKING--HEAVY KNOCKING ON DOOR)

BESS: They're knocking at the door, Jim.

JIM: Yep.

JERRY: (OFF) Jim--Hey, Jim--

JIM: (CALLS) Yes Jerry--

JERRY: (OFF) Somebody's at the door--want me to answer it?

JIM: All right Jerry--I'll be right in--

BESS: Jim, find out who they are and what they want before you open the door.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) All right Bass--good idea--

(PAUSE)

(SOUND OF KNOCKING ON DOOR)

JIM: (CALLS) Who is it?

FRANK: (OUTSIDE) It's Frank, Tomson, Jim--

JIM: Well, (OPENING DOOR) Hello Frank--howdy do, do--what's up?

FRANK: (RATHER EXCITEDLY) Well, Jim, I reckon we've just about ketched up with them cattle rustlers.

JIM: That so? Who are they?

FRANK: Well, it's a long story--

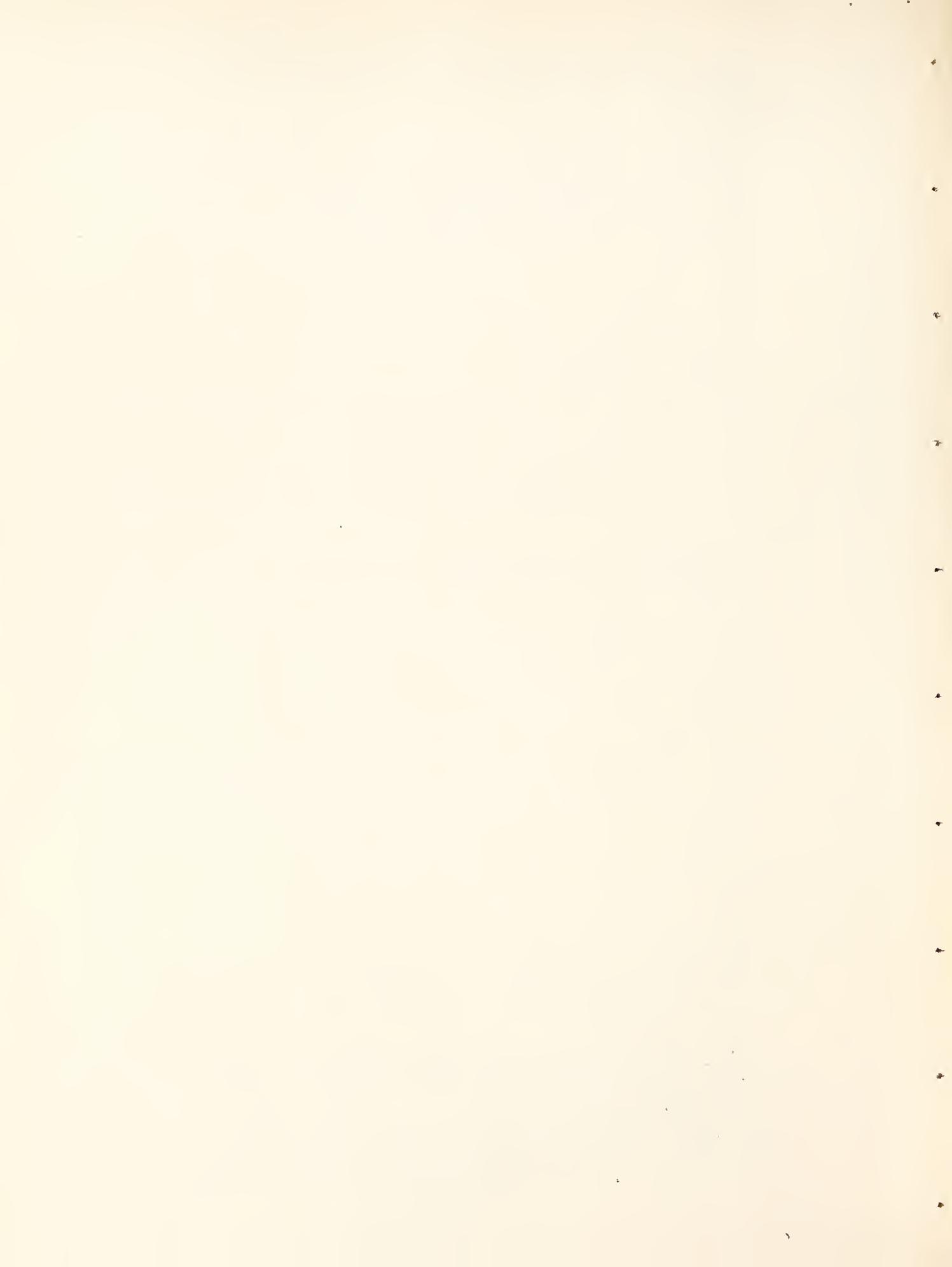
JIM: It is, but--anybody got a match?

FRANK: Sure.

JIM: That's the stuff--Jerry, get a lamp will you?

JERRY: Right away, Jim.

JIM: He ain't thinkin' we break up some sleep, Jim--



JIM: You want? (CHUCKLES) Don't worry about that, Sam--I'm used to it. Let's have the dope---what have you found out?

FRANK: Jim I think we kin--

SAM: (WITH HIM) If we kin git that--

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Hold on there fellors--better take it one at a time.

FRANK: Well, if it's all right with you, Sam, I'll do the talkin'.

SAM: (SURLY) Go ahead if you wanna.

JIM: All right, Frank, shoot--

FRANK: Well, Jim, since we last saw you, we and the boys have been doin' some scoutin' around huntin' for this cheezy rustler--

JIM: Yes.

FRANK: And Sam here went to Willow Glen yesterday morning--see?--and he's plumb certain that rustlin' outfit is roundin' the west from door to door.

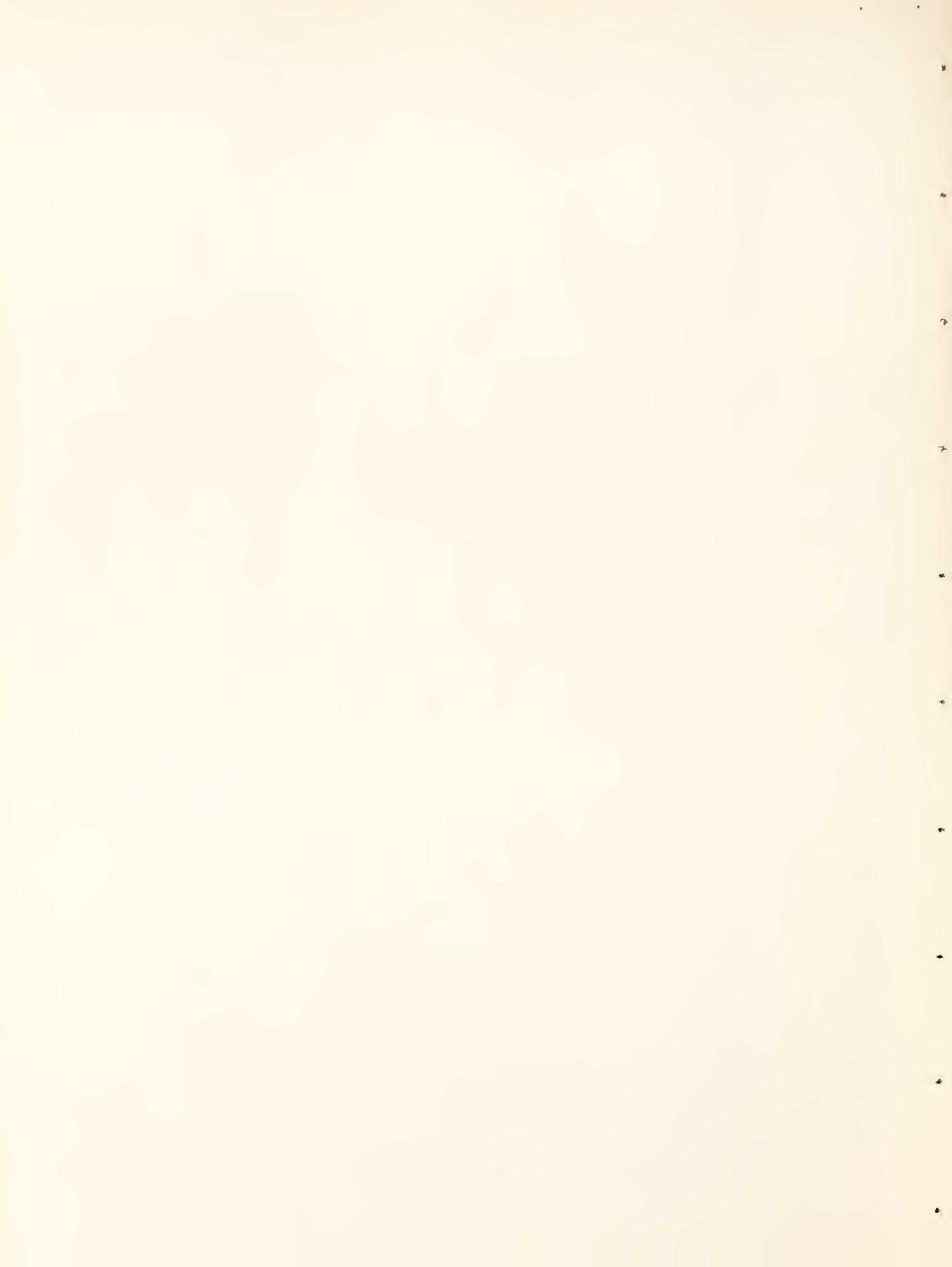
SAM: Yessir--and then we and some of the boys came across a gulch--up by Rattlesnake Jack's--where's a truck's been drivin' in from the highway--we seen the tracks in the grass--

FRANK: I thought I was tellin' this.

SAM: (GRUMPY) Well, go ahead, why dontcha?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Hold on now--maybe you boys are putting two and two together and gettin' six. Anyhow those tracks might have been made by some wool hauler, you know.

FRANK: Ain't no such thing, Jim--we been watchin' the gulch every goddam truck don't pass, but we kin see new tracks--Jim--I tell you them rustlin' critters are breakin' up alright--



SAM: --And you know some of the boys was swoopin' around
and found where the herd 'n' hoods, n'hile, n'ever got
buried of that critter we found butchered at the time o' the
beef round-up--

FRANK: I was comin' to that.

SAM: Go ahead then.

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Say--you fellows sure have been drivin' the detective
the past week--

FRANK: Well, that ain't all either--Then that last is gettin' worse--
Today I found a place on the range where the boozers been
feelin' on the remains of another butcherin' which them
rustlers done--they taken the hind quarters and loins of a nice
fat cow and left the rest of the carcass--

SAM: Jim, we're gonna get 'em--that's when--I ain't gonna have no
rustler gettin' my cows--

FRANK: Me neither--

JIM: You fellows said you thought the rustlers did most of their
stealing at night--why don't you catch 'em night and try to
catch 'em?

FRANK: That's just why we come here, Jim. We want you to go with us.

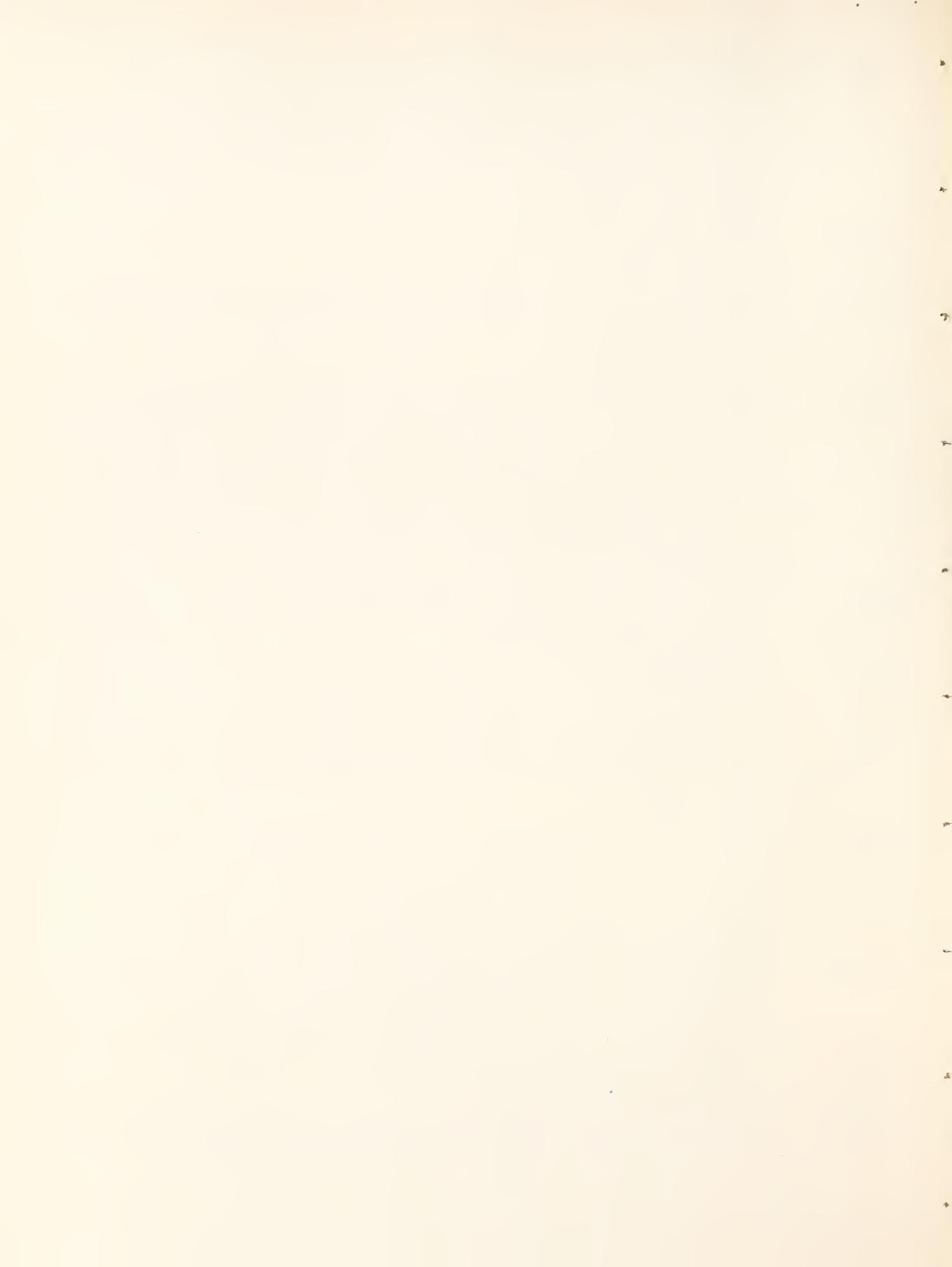
JIM: Huh--hold on--what you fellows want is a sheriff.
Stealing cattle is a violation of the state law.

FRANK: You know the country better'n anybody around here, Jim. You
kin help us a lot. We need all the men we can get.

JIM: You know that range as well as I do, Frank.

JERRY: What case is I go, Jim?

FRANK: Sure--same thing, Jerry--Suppose you come along--



JIM: Well, Jerry, I'll be up to you—
JERRY: I'll see—Do you follow me?
SAM: Yeah. Let's go—
JERRY: All right—Wait till I get on some clothes—This is important—
SAM: (With very English accent) I've got a notebook.
JERRY: Order be stylish for night riding, Jerry. (Laughs)
JIM: What are you fellows planning to do?
FRANK: We'll get that work that country around the city where
we saw the traps and if we don't find anything there we'll
head the range till we find the others, sure.
SAM: We'll find 'em all right—and then we do—
JIM: What about the sheriff?
FRANK: Well, I expect we better round 'em up 'fore we get done.
JERRY: (Off) I'll be with you in a minute, fellows, soon as I
get Spark saddled up.
VOICES: (Laughter) (Sound of horses and voices off)

(PAUSE)

(SOUND OF CLOSING DOOR)

DESS: (Off) Oh Jim—Jim—
JIM: Yes, Dess—
DESS: What in the world did those men want?
JIM: Just a bunch of the book, Dess—they them say they're on the
trail of the master who's been killing their cattle—
DESS: Oh mercy me!
JERRY: Jerry went with them—He smiles an covertness but as far
as—I'm going back to bed.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)



MARY: (OFF) Oh Mrs. Robbins--You--Hoo

BESS: (CALLS) Here we are, Mary--out on the back steps--

MARY: (COMING UP) My--what in the world are you folks doing out here so early in the morning?

JIM: I'm just fixin' to ride, Mary.

MARY: So I see, Mr. Robbins--Uh--huh--Isn't Jerry going with you--

JIM: No--Jerry ain't here.

MARY: Oh, he's already left?

JIM: (WITH MOCK SOLEMNITY) Jerry left the Ranger station very suddenly about one o'clock last night--

MARY: Left here last night--at one o'clock--? (WORRIED) Why--say what's the matter--?

BESS: Oh Jim why don't you tell her the truth?

MARY: (WORRIED) You--you and Jerry didn't have a quarrel--did you?

JIM: Nope. (CHUCKLES) I reckon I'd hardly want to pick a quarrel with that boy. He's pretty husky, you know, and--

BESS: (BREAKING IN) Jerry went out with some of the stock men to try to catch a rustler.

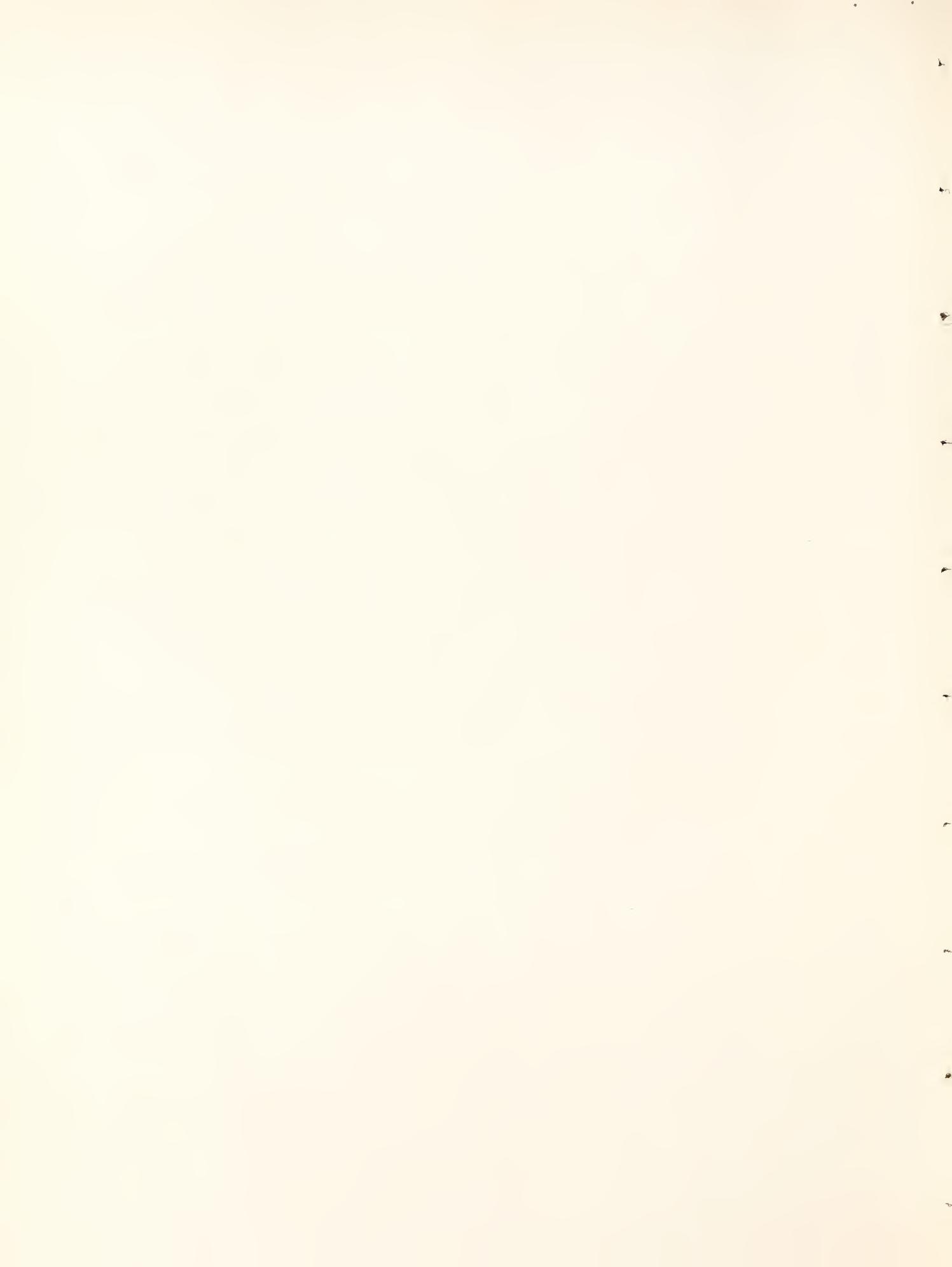
MARY: I was afraid that--Did he say when he'd be back--

JIM: Well, Mary, I thought he'd be back before breakfast--but he hasn't showed up yet.

MARY: Oh, I hope he's all right.

BESS: Jim is just getting ready to ride in on the range--

JIM: Yep--if I come across your lost boy friend I'll tell him you're worried about him--



MARY: Don't you do anything of the sort, Mr. Robbins--I--
I didn't exactly say I was worried.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Oh I see--my mistake--I'll tell him you're
not worried, even if the coyotes--or the rustlers--

MARY: (BREAKING IN) Oh no, don't tell him that--

BESS: Jim Robbins--will you stop that teasing--Don't mind him,
Mary--

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, anyhow, Mary--I'm going to ride Dolly
up on the range, and I might bump into the cattlemen, and if
they're still hunting for the rustler--now let me get it
straight--what is the message you want me to give him?

MARY: Oh, just tell him I'll wait for him after choir practice
tonight--

JIM: O.K.--Well, Bess--guess I better be going--I don't want to
spoil away the whole morning--

BESS: Goodbye Jim--I'll be expecting you for supper tonight--

JIM: You bet--

MARY: Goodbye Mr. Robbins--

JIM: Goodbye--Let's go Dolly--(SOUND OF HORSE WALKING)

(PAUSE)

BESS: Jim looks fine sitting there on his horse, doesn't he?

MARY: He certainly does, Mrs. Robbins--Mrs. Robbins, I believe
you're more in love with him than you were the first day you
married him--

BESS: My land, child--what makes you say that?

MARY: Oh I can tell--on Mrs. Robbins--I do hope I'll be as happy
as you are MR. I don't get worried--

SCOTT: I know you will be smile, if you--

MARY: Oh, but I mustn't talk like that.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(HORSE WALKING)

JIM: Well, Dolly--this range looks pretty good--yes sir, one
girl, it oughta be better than ever next year, if we
have a wet spring--what's that you say?--Wants stop and have
a bite, hub? --(CHUCKLES) Whoa, gal--(HORSE STOPS)
Here's somebody comin'

(SOUND OF HORSE COMING UP)

SAM: (OFF) Hi, Jim--what you doin' out here?

JIM: (CALLS) Hondo, Sam--just lookin' thing over, Sam. What
you doing out here by yourself?--Thought you'd have those
rustlers by now.

SAM: Now, dad gun it--I ain't seen 'em yet. Maybe the other fellows
got 'em, though. I'm huntin' for 'em now--

JIM: I see.

SAM: Workin' ride alone? I think the bunch oughta be right
over this way--

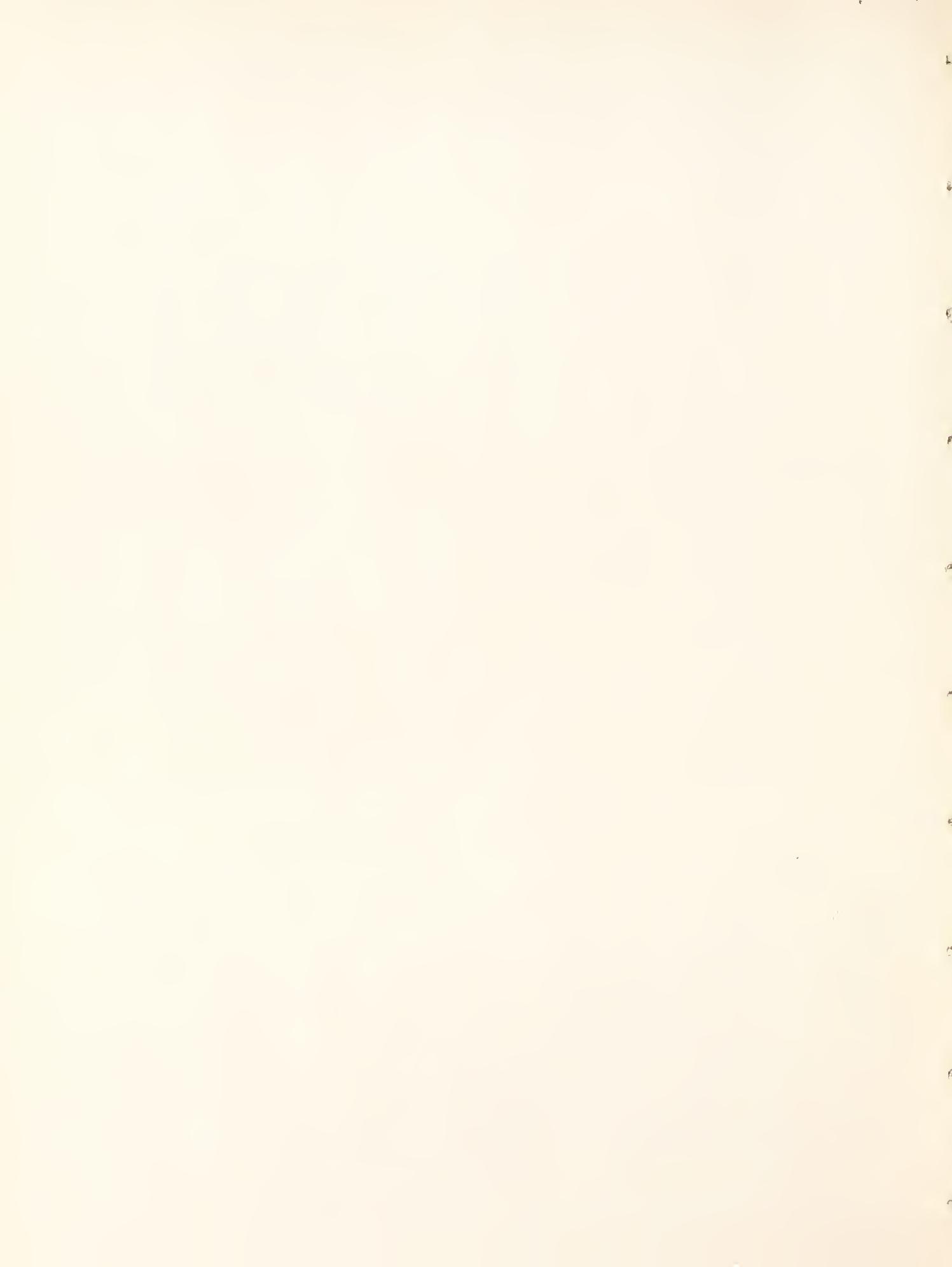
JIM: All right, Sam. (CHUCKLES) Let's go, Dolly. (HORSES START)

SAM: We'll get them dein' rustlers, no gun, if I have to ride
this range every night from now till Christmas--

JIM: Easy, Sam--you can't maybe do so well when you get mad about it.

SAM: I can't, hub?--Just you wait and see if I ever lay hands
on them outlaws, whether I do go hunting or not--

JIM: What happened after you left the ranger station last night?



JIM: ... home--He & Frank and Bud were in the woods near the trail and Jerry went with some of the other neighbors. Jim said an hour the truck showed up on the road up to the cabin--

JIM: ... did you try to stop it--

JIM: ... SAM: ... Me--I was far shootin' it out right then and there-- but Frank says we should wait till it come back--so we didn't evidence--

JIM: ... Yea, that was better--

JIM: ... Well, we tried to follow it, but we lost it in the dark-- up by Rattlesnake J. M's--

JIM: ... Well, why didn't you blockade the road?--They had to come back that way--

JIM: ... SAM: ... Sure, I know that--We did put a log across and laid out there all night--and the darn truck never come back--

JIM: ... Didn't return, eh? Well, it must be up there now then--

JIM: ... SAM: ... Sure. We found it all right. At the light the boys started runnin' for the truck and finally we found it hid away in a thicket o' spruce--

JIM: ... Ohuh--

JIM: ... SAM: ... But there weren't nobody around--and the truck didn't got no license plates--

JIM: ... That looks like they were up to something, all right--

JIM: ... SAM: ... Well, if the boys ever catch the owner man--they'll soon 'im they won't foolish--

JIM: What did you do after you found the truck?

SALLY: Jerry and Frank stayed there with the truck and me and Bud and the rest of the boys started out over this road--that's your dog I ran into you--The truck's right over there--see?

JIM: Yeah--hmm--something's going on over there--come on,

BOB--(CLUCKS)

(HORSES CHANGED TO GALLOP)

(SOUND OF VOICES, OFF)

VOICES: (OFF) String 'em up--

VOICES: (OFF) Hey--wait on 'em--

VOICES: How do you feel now Mr. Rustler?

VOICES: Find a rope, Ketchum.

JIM: Whoa, gal -- (HORSE STOPS) (SILENT) In there, boy--
What's going on here?

VOICES: None of your business, Jim--the boys is all for stringin'--
'em up, right off.

(VOICES)

FRANK: Jerry says we're 'bout to--

JIM: Jerry's right. (LOUDER) That is okay, boys. There isn't
going to be any trucking party.

(SOUND OF VOICES)

FRANK: That's what I've been tellin' you, Jim.

JIM: This is a job for the sheriff. There's too much action.
Thought you fellows told me last night you were going after the



JOHNSON: He won't hold, Jim.

JERRY: He was down to Willow Glen, Jim. They expected him about today.

JIM: I see. Well, when this goddamned, nerve-parched you're boy the right man. See you were this is the last they had against your cattle, Frank.

FRANK: Sure as shootin', Jim. These goddamned fellows with 'em, he'll be got away. Some of the boys are out after 'em now.

JIM: Did you catch 'em in the night?

JOHNSON: Dangerous night-weather and a couple of bad boys attack us on the prairie ain't a hind for you folks! We got the yearling right here—sab?

SAM: He might be string 'em up right now, didn't want I say.

JIM: Easy, Sam. We've got perfectly good laws in this state to take care of a situation like that, so I expect we'll just bust this up and the expense down to the sheriff and let 'em handle it.

SAM: All right—but by gosh, we're gonna prove out and see that we get justice.

(VOICES OFF)

JERRY: (LOW VOICE) Say Jim—have you noticed anything about that Johnson?

JIM: No—what do you mean, Jerry?

JERRY: I mean those new—eyes—eyes—say he's got a good, mean-looking, road—

JIM: Yeah? Why?

JERRY: You know you gotta catch him and have him in
court--"You Rusted"?

JIM: Say--by George, I believe you're right, Jerry--it was the
man they called Panhandle Pete, wasn't it?

JERRY: Yeah, it's Panhandle Pete all right.

JIM: (LOUDER) Say Jerry--I reckon the sheriff's gonna be
mighty glad to see this man--

JERRY: How you?

JIM: Looks to me like you boys have rounded up the notorious
Panhandle Pete, think he wented over in the other end of the
state for a lot of things--

VOICES: Sub? Panhandle Pete? -- This guy?

JIM: Yep--and I 'spect there's a reward on that'll kinda help
pay for some of those cows you have lost.

(VOICES CHEER - "Let's go!" - "Good job" - "We're taking you to the
sheriff, Mr. Mueller" - SOUNDS OF HORSES)

JERRY: Well, we got the rustler all right, Jim.

JIM: Yep.

JERRY: But this getting up in the middle of the night with a gun?
Believe me, I'm writing me last will right.

JIM: That so? (CHUCKLES) If I wasn't mistaken, he's got a certain
young lady expecting him to meet her after-wedding picnic.

(PAUSE)

ANNOUNCER: Well, now--there'll be no more cattle rustling in the Flint River
District. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be with us again at this
time next Friday. This division is organized by the National Conservation
Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

Co. 115 AB
Oct 20 1934

